Come all ye friends and countrymen and listen to my song
and as I am no poet so I will not make it long
and this concerns our island and the forest industry
and a spray which has potential yet unknown to such as we
need I tell now of the death and woe that may come to our homes
a known disease the scientists they name it Reyes Syndrome
it is this cruel punishment that all our children face
and it’s we must stop this spray campaign, this is our worthy case
as the sun will rise to set so low
so the seasons come and the seasons go
and whate’er our thoughts, 'tis our deeds be known
and we shall reap whate’er we sow
it’s in New Brunswick’s lumberwoods this budworm breeds in strength
yet the forest industry still plans to spray our lands at length
what has that done in all these years, they spray and children die
and the budworm it grows stronger, on this spray they’ll multiply

Vince MacLean, you have my gratitude for all your help last year
against the odds of millionaires you heard our cries so dear
again this year these businessmen, they’re on a new campaign
to deceive the public with their lies, that they might try again

as the sun will rise to set so low
so the seasons come and the seasons go
and whate’er our thoughts, ’tis our deeds be known
and we shall reap whate’er we sow

there is no man of common sense could ever want this spray
the evidence it proves it wrong, we know this all today
these men don’t care what comes in five years, they want their profits now
I would doubt that even one of them lives in this province now

and now as I sing to close, I pray you to take heed
we need the help of everyone if we are to succeed
you know we have no money like the forest industry
so please don’t fear to speak aloud, this is your own country

I wish to thank Mike MacDougall of Ingonish Beach for his influence
concerning the melody, which borrows largely from Dan Rory MacDougall’s
“The Harvest”.

Ronald MacEachern